THE MORROW PROJECT

by
Robert
Sadler ©1973

Every Game has a story.

Over the years there has been a continued request for this small bit of Gaming History.

The Morrow Project

In 1974 Robert Sadler wrote the outline for a Post Holocaust adventure. Richard Tucholka added a second chapter and the project was burried for a year or more. In 1975 They were introduced to role playing and Rich Tucholka had an epifiny. 'Why can't we adapt Science Fiction to this concept? We could use the Morrow Project as a adventure background!' Richard created the world and the background, mechanics and more. After months of playtesting it was run at an early Michicon and became a real hit.

From there Timeline Games was born and shortly thereafter, disallusioned with the business, corporate stock plans and a string of unanswered ethical questions both Rich and Robert split to create Tri Tac Games. Timeline claimed the rights to the Project and Tri Tac got the real Timeline.

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Notes

THE MORROW PROJECT

The Morrow Project is the beginning of a series of Novelettes and shorts outlining the aftermath of the last war, and a group of idealists who fight a new 'Dark Age'.

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PROLOGUE

"Who the hell is Morrow?"

"Good God, Ray! Don't you remember? Morrow is the guy who helped pull us out of the Seventies Depression." Harold B. Richards glared reprovingly at the Secretary of Defense.

Secretary, Raymond H. Jeffreys drilled the Secretary of State with his own piercing glare and replied, "You mean Bruce Morrow?! What in hell has the most successful financier in the world got to do with the Taiwan Incident?"

"*Ex*-financier, Ray. The Morrow empire was liquidated seven years ago and Morrow himself disappeared. Can't you get your nose out of those goddamn military reports to read a financial page occasionally? Come to think of it, can't you find time to read those reports *we* send you every month?"

"You don't have to get sarcastic, Hal, just tell me what the connection between Taiwan and Morrow is." Jeffreys pushed a cigan between his lips, clamped his teeth down on it and was soon enveloped by a cloud of yellow-green smoke.

"There isn't one as far as I know," replied Richards, "The Morrow subject is an entirely different matter."

"Then how in hell did we get started on it?" demanded Jeffreys.

The developing duel between Jeffreys and Richards was interrupted at this point by Nathanial Salby, the Presidential Science Advisor. "Why don't we just forget how we got off Taiwan, Ray, and continue with this Morrow thing. There are some interesting, and possibly important, aspects to it, believe me."

"Sure, why not Nate," agreed Jeffreys. He then added hesitantly, "But I am going to have to be briefed. I admit that I am a little behind in current events ." He looked menacingly at Richards and added, "The Far East-Russian situation has kept me quite busy lately."

"Add me to that briefing list also," broke in David Harrington, the Secretary of the Treasury. "I'm lost on the importance of all this myself."

"Are we all agreed then that there should be a briefing?" asked Salby in a semblance of proper procedure. He recieved four nods (a rather reluctant one from Richards) and he continued, "Okay then. Rob, you're the most prepared for this aren't you?"

"Probably," replied Robert Savigny, the Secretary of the Interior. "I was going to bring the subject up myself later if someone else didn't. There have been some new and important reports coming in about him lately." He reached into his briefcase and extracted a small file. He opened it and shuffled the contents in search of some specific information.

"Ah, here it is," he said, "I'll start with Morrow's biography, as far as

it goes....He was born in Oxford, Michigan on January 19, 1937. He graduated from Oxford High School in 1954 and from there went to the University of Michigan, where he graduated in '59 with a BS in mathematics.

"In '62 he recieved a double PhD in mathematics and sociology and was hired by a large research firm. His performance was good enough to get him promoted to the head of the mathematics department in four years. It was after his promotion that Morrow began to invest in the stock market. He invested all his savings plus all the extra earnings he got from his new salary, and he lived in near poverty for a year - until his first dividents began to come back. His financial genious was quite obvious to everyone who knew him. Quite often he would tell his friends which stocks to buy and sell, but there were times when he wouldn't say a word.

"He accumulated enough of a fortune to quit his job and move to a small ranch house near Pheonix, Arizona. He made this his base of operations and began to accumulate such a massive fortune that the thought of it would have made Howard Hughs' head spin.

"In '76 he started a program to shorten the time of the depression and somehow pulled us out an estimated four years before normal events would have allowed. After the depression he accumulated his fortune again for two and a half years. Then in '82 he liquidated his entire empire (which by then was of considerable extent), and disappeared." Savigny stopped and looked at his companions. "That's as far as it went until yesterday. Reports were recieved yesterday that he had been seen right here in Washington."

"Where was he seen and by whom?" queried Harrington.

"Several tourists and a police officer saw him near the Lincoln Memorial, and Senator Necson, and some of his friends, saw him at the foot of the Washington Monument?"

"Was he seen anywhere else at all, Bob? Anywhere here in the City?" Queried Salsbt urgently.

"Well, there were a couple of unsubstantiated reports near the White House and the Capital building, but there was no way to be sure of those. All the reports agreed on one point, but it just doesn't make any sense."

"What was that?" asked Jeffreys.

"They all thought he was crazy. He was talking to the monuements, saying crazy things like..." Savigny picked up a sheet from the file and quoted a statement from it. "'Well, old friend, it didn't quite turn out the way you had hoped, did it?' It doesn't make much sense to me, but that's what the witnesses reported."

"Hmmm," said Harrington, "maybe he's dying or something."

"Or maybe *we're* dying," Salsby murmured absently.

"What was that, Nate?" Harrington asked.

Salsby was awakened from his dreamlike state and repeated his last statement. "I said, 'maybe we're dying.'"

"Now what the hell do you mean by that, Nate. What the hell has got into you?" Richards queried.

"Well, I might as well tell you," Salsby said, resignedly, "because if what I suspect is true, it won't make much difference one way or the other."

He paused, as if in contemplation, until the others demanded to know what he was talking about. "Well," he began, "I've known a few things about Morrow for the past two months. Information classified as confidential by the FBI; I'm not even supposed to know about it. It seems that Morrow built some sort of fortress in South Dakota with his liquidated funds. The FBI discovered it accidently three months ago. I learned of it because the agent who dis-

covered it also happened to be an agent of mine."

He went on before the astonished officials could react: "If I'm right it doesn't matter much anymore what you know, so please accept what I'm saying and allow me to continue. My agent managed to infaltrate this base of Morrow's about two weeks ago and I just recieved his first report this morning."

Once again Salsby paused and the others had to urge him on again. They were anxious to hear the rest of what he had to say, because there was an air of doom about him that made them uncomfortable.

"Very well," Salsby consented. "Morrow's base is an organization of young scientists. Far-sighted, consciencious young people whose only dream seems to be to save the world from itself. Morrow offered them a chance to do exactly that. He predicted World War III and prepared for it. That is what the base is, gentlemen. Something akin to Asimov's "Foundation", a sanctuary of knowledge and a center for reconstruction after the war." Salsby was at times a sentimentalist and the thoughts coursing throughs his brain at that moment brought out that fact.

Jeffreys exploded. "What the hell do you mean-'after the war?' You talk as if there is really going to be a war. Nate! Get out of that trance, buddy!"

"Do you believe in ESP, Ray?" mused Salsby. "Precognition to be specific?"

"Yes, Nate, I do. Why? Are you going to tell me that you had a dream or something?"

"Not me-Morrow. I dug up some of his old high school records. I was curious about his scholastic sucess. Did you know that Morrow flunked economics in high school? When I found that out, I kept searching until I found an old test score. It seems that one of his teachers was very interested in ESP and gave all his classes tests to determine their abilities. Morrow scored high on just about everything-especially precognition. Later tests in college proved the same thing: Morrow was an esper and a good one."

"I think that it explains his financial career quite well, don't you, Ray?

A look of horror spread across Jeffreys' face. He said nothing.

"It also explains some other things," Salsby continued, "like how he pull us out of that depression. He knew what the financial situation would at any particular time in the future and planned action accordingly to lessen the effects. It also explains why he liquidated all his funds and built that base of his-he must have known exactly where and when the first bomb would be dropped. It probaly explains why he was talking to the monuements-he knew that they were not going to be there much longer."

Salsby looked at Savigny and Harrington and Richards and Jeffreys. "You see the point now, don't you? Morrow knew that no one would believe him, so he built his base in secret to prepare for the war. I'm sure that it won't be long now. The fact that he was in Washington proves it." He could see belief and comprehension dawning on the faces of the others; belief accompanied by terror.

The phone rang. The red one. They all stared at it in horror, except Salsby. He was beyond horror; he was ready to accept his fate. He answered the phone. "...Yes, Mr. President. . .I see. . .yes, Iunderstand,sir...yes. . . thank you, Jim and good-bye. . .and Jim-good luck."

He hung up and turned to the rest of the group. "It seems, my friends," he said softly, "that someone has pushed the button. The Russian space platform will be overhead in ten minutes or so, and the pole flight should arrive shortly thereafter." He turned toward the window and began talking to himself:. "I hope Morrow and his crew come out of this all right. They're the only sane people left in the world; and they're the only hope for the race."

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The other members of the cabinet meeting had left by the time he turned around, so he turned back to the window. A long time later he watched the futile attempts of the ABM's to intercept the payload of the orbital platformes. Then the sky suddenly brightened before him. He felt the heat for a moment only....

THE MORROW PROJECT

At 43 minutes, 42.45 seconds past 4:00 p.m., on the 18th day of November, 1989 A.D., World War III began.

At 12 minutes, 51.57 seconds past 1:00 p.m., on the 30th day of December, 1989 A.D., the last warhead destroyed the city of denver, U.S.A., for the 3rd time in 42 days.

The war, as such, ended. Civilization fell.

But still, in the midst of darkness there was a light.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

Bernie Everri leaned back against a section of the wall that he knew to be clear of electronic equipment, closed his eyes, and silently mourned the end of the world. At some obscure time in his forty seven-years, he discovered, he had fallen in love with the world and all it's wonders; and he was just now beginning to appreciate the fact. At the same time he knew that in a very short time mankind would begin destroying the world that had been so kind to a struggling race.

Bernie had been with Bruce almost since the beginning of the Project, and even though he knew this moment was an inevitable one, he still could not believe it. He had few friends outside these metals walls, and none of these wereclose enough to miss terribly, and so instead of mourning the people that would die, he mourned the Earth herself.

He looked around him at the results of years of planning; the room was swarming with fast-moving technicians, checking the recorders that would collect and keep all the action of mankind's greatest drama-the end of a world.

From machinery in and around the major cities of the Earth would come the bits and pieces of information on the destruction. Making use of all the orbital relays and informational satelites, a complete account of the end would be correlated and stored in the extensive computers at the Project.

Quite suddenly, Bernie was shaken out of his revery by the P.A. system. The voice of Cathy Stevenson, a young electronic student, came over the speakers. "One minute," she said simply and quietly.

The lights of the complex dimmed, and the sweating faces of fifty-six technicians reflected the light of their panels. A tense wave of silence began to wash over the room; but the people went back to their work making last minute adjustments, until Cathy's voice once again came from the ceiling.

She was even shakier and quieter than before as she recited, " Thirty

seconds."

Despite the softness of her voice the room quieted and everyone looked up to the speakers or the walls, waiting for the countdown of the coming doom and not wishing to miss the exact second of eruption. Bernie looked around and noticed a red light flashing at one of the consoles near him. The girl at the console noticed it and made a few movements with her fingers over the panel. The light stopped and vanished, and the girl once more resumed her frozen stare.

"20 seconds"

To Bernie it seemed like a lifetime before Cathy announced, 10 seconds."

The silence in the room became absolute. Nobody moved, except to twitch a nervous muscle or move their lips in silent prayer. Without realizing it everyone in the room held their breath.

"Ten seconds."

An eternity of time in a crowded room with all the life draining out of it. A quiet crackle came from the speakers above, and it sounded more like a crack of thunder anouncing the coming of the storm.

After this eternity of time Cathy's faint whisper was a sudden explosion of words which at first ment nothing. "Goodbye Seattle... Goodbye World." She could not cut the switch fast enough to hide a single, heart-piercing sob.

At last the terrible silence was broken; shattered by even more terrible sounds. One, two, three pencils snapped; a sob from the far side of the room; a whispered prayer in an unsteady voice from the center of the room; another sob and another rapid *SNAP* from somewhere, and finally a fist slamming hard against a wall or council.

Bernie realized that the first was his own and began absently rubbing the pain out. He tried to close his eyes, and found that they were already, and opened them.

On the far wall was a large display of green lights, hundreds of them. As he cleared his eyes and focused them he saw three had turned red. As he watched another switched color from green to red.

Cathy's voice again informed them, Los Angelas, San Francisco, Toronto, New York,..." She listed them steadily and calmly as more and more of the lights turned red. "...first retaliation- Vladivostok... Khabarsk..."

The mention of the destruction of Russian cities raised no patriotic cheers from anyone, and Bernie was proud of them; none were rooting for any country, and it didn't matter where they had originally come from, for now they were from the human race and they had no nationality but the earth.

Bernie left the monitering room and wandered the endless, empty corridors of the Project until he passed by his own quarters. He paused shortly and opened the door. He did not bother to lock it again behind him as he slid it shut and walked in to prepare for long hours of lonely depression.

He went immediately to the small but complete bar at the opposite corner of the room and poured himself a large scotch and soda. He took the two bottles of ingredients to a small table next to his favorite recliner and put on a continuous tape of his favorite music. He turned the volume to a comfortable level, dimmed the lights, sat down, and proceded to get drunk.

* * * * * * * *

Anne Saldon was lonely.

When the doomsday bell had begun it's howl of impending death, she had rushed to Comp Central to take charge of the computer operations that would store all the data to be gained that day.

For three hours she stayed in the complex, just watching the machinery around her and breaking her own strict rule against non-essential personnel in the work area. Her job had ended long before, but she continued to stay with the machines she loved as they digested the end of the world she had hated.

Her past had lost it's influence now, however, and she could not bring herself to hate the world or it's people anymore; in fact she realized that the thought of the destruction above saddened her. The world may have been unkind to her, but it was still such a beautiful place.

She noticed the technicians looking at her strangely and realized why; she had not noticed the tears streaming down her cheeks. To them, she thought, such things from their boss must be quite a sight. She left the complex and walked slowly to her quarters.

She was a little ashamed of herself for shedding tears in public; it was something that she had done only once before, when David had left. She had even managed to contain her emotions on the day that her father had died, though she had cried for days afterward in the solitude of her apartment. But she didn't have the iron control that they all thought that she had, for almost every night she would cry herself to sleep.

Because she was lonely.

Her young life of twenty-five years had been spent mostly with her father, and even though he was a kind man and tried to make time for her in his busy work schedule, she had learned to be alone when he was gone. Her father's job necessitated frequent moves across the country; he was a good enough computer programmer to be in popular demand, and so she had made few permanent friends.

There were times when he would take her to his job sight and she would watch him work and had begun to love computers as much as he did. When she was eighteen, she stopped traveling with him and went to college to study programming, and that was where she had met David.

Suddenly she had not been lonely anymore, and they were together almost continuously. She had grown to loving him and she had thought that he had loved her until the day that he had told her he had to leave her for a girl he had met two weeks earlier. She had cried then, in a small resturant, and had cried for days after by herself, until she had reached the conclusion that she couldn't spend the rest of her life crying. She bent herself to her studying and was an honors student in her senior year.

Her father wrote that he was proud of her and was going to take a vacation to attend her graduation; but the plane he took never made it to it's destination. The lack of an engine caused it to crash in a lake only five miles from the airport where she was waiting for him. This time, however, she did not cry. Not for over four days did the realization that her father was dead strike her, and then she had broken down.

And now, for the second time in her life, she had broken her control in public. As she walked the halls of her home of three years-the Project-she continued to shed tears for her lost father and for the world.

She walked by Bennie Everri's room and heard the music from within. She stopped and considered knocking. Maybe Bennie would feel like talking, she thought, he had always given her his time in the past. In fact, he was the

only one who really knew anything of her past, and she thought that he would understand.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she knocked lightly. She would at least say hello. When there was no sound within, she turned to leave when there was a crash, like something large falling from the room. A second later, the door opened and a very unsteady Bernie looked out at her.

"Hello Bernie," she said quietly, and with a sad expression. She wanted him to know that she was sad so he would be sure to invite her in, a trick that she pulled only with him; and she realized suddenly that he was a father figure to her. Or was he, she thought anxiously, more than that.

He seemed to recognize her with difficulty, but said drunkenly, "Anne?? Well come on in and join the party. We're having a great old time."

As she haltingly walked through the door, concernedly watching him, he fell to the floor. She ran to him and asked "Are you all right Bernie?"

He looked up at her and smiled. "I'm all right, Anne.. Just fine."

She helped him up and attempted to help him to the bedroom, a feat of no easy nature; he was so uncoordinated that he could no longer even begin to stand up. Anne managed, however, not without further difficulties, to carry him to the bed and arrange him in to so he would be comfortable. He was asleep before she had finished.

As she stood back and looked at him her expression changed and she smiled briefly. Then she stepped back into the other room, turned off the tape, shut the door, and fixed herself a drink from the bar.

She took the drink back to the bedroom, arranged a chair and table so that she could sit and watch him, and silently sipped her drink. She was happy for the first time in some years and she could not figure out why. She was still attempting to reason this out when sleep overtook her.

Bernie's head was splitting as he sat up in bed to survey his surroundings. He noticed quickly the sleeping girl in the bedside chair, and he looked closer, trying to focus his eyes and recognize her. It was Anne Saldon he soon discovered, and he couldn't remember how she might have gotten there. He searched and found a vague rememberance of trying to open the door and inviting someone in-it must have been Anne.

He attempted to roll out of the bed and tottered on the edge for a second before he got both his feet planted firmly on the carpeted floor. Then he remained still for a few moments to give the walls around him a chance to settle down. After two trys he managed to succeed in his effort to stand up and walked slowly and unsteadily to the kitchen where he found the prospect of any food extremely unappetizing at the moment. So he simply had a glass of water instead.

This choice turned out to be perhaps more of a mistake than food would have been, and he barely made it to the bathroom in time due to interfering walls and furniture.

"You're not very experienced with the after effects of alchohol are you? " said Anne from the bathroom door.

Bennie forced his head up to look at her. She was wearing a strange kind of smile that made her prettier than he had ever seen her before. "No, I guess I'm not." he confessed. "In fact, I'm not even familiar with the immediate effects; that beer is usually for guests only."

She laughed then, a quiet chuckle that gave her a part of her personality she had always been missing before. He surveyed her from his low vantage point, and for the first time, really studied her appearance.

She was a fairly tall woman (that he had noticed before) with her long,

light brown, sleep-tossled hair as the most immediately striking feature. She wasn't exactly beautiful, but she was pretty, especially when she smiled like she was now; and her eyes. . .he found himself staring into their soft infinity and getting lost. With an effort he broke away from that strangely heart-warming stare and moved his eyes down the rest of her body. . .

What was he doing! he asked himself. She was twenty-two years younger than he was! He turned his head away from her and thought furiously; why had he suddenly started thinking like that? Ever since Julie had died, he had never even looked at another woman with sexual or intimate intentions and here he was lusting after a young girl only half his age. He pushed himself up and stepped to the wash basin, carefully avioding Anne's eyes-and smile.

But Anne's smile had dissappeared. She was thinking almost the same thoughts that Bernie was, only in reverse. So what if he is twice as old as me, she reflected, he's been closer to me than any man other than father and David.

She realized herself that she was thinking of Bernie in a way definately not like a daughter would, but she didn't care. She had found someone as lonely as she was in the Project, and she was rejoicing and intending to keep him under any circumstances. She had known as soon as he had look at her like that, that he was lonely, and she had noticed, like most women would have, the way in which he had looked at her. Her hopes soared.

After the short pause in which all this thinking took place, Anne made a suggestion. "Before you leave you might want to make yourself throwup again."

Bernie looked up from the sink and returned incredulously, "You have got to be kidding."

"No." she said simply and seriously. She smiled again when she saw how disconcerted he was and added, "Really Bernie, it will probably do a hell of a lot more towards making you feel better faster than anything else will."

"I guess I will have to assume that you know what you are talking about, but I don't have to like it." He moved once again over to the toilet and regretfully shoved his finger up his throat.

Later she helped him out to his lounge chair and sat in the seat opposite him.

"Anne," he asked seriously, "what's been going on since the war started?"

She looked at him and wondered why he had brought up the subject. "There's not much that I can tell you," she said, "I left Comp Central at about seven and it was just beginning to slow down a little-for the night maybe, I don't know. There' nothing in the way of details that I can give you." She looked at him and he met her stare. "I don't know why you want to be concerned with that Bernie, but I wish you wouldn't be. The world is dead and there is no use in trying to bring it back by memories; it's better to look forward to the world we will build from the Project."

"I know Anne," he replied, "I guess I'm just not myself."

"I can see that." she remarked sarcastically. "Just how many of those scotch and sodas did you have?" she asked, pointing to the remains of the two bottles on the table.

"To tell the truth," he replied, "I don't know. I can't remember mixing any past the third one, and I think I must have had more." He looked quizzically at her then and asked, "Anne? Why did you come over here, that is, this room?"

"I really don't know why Bernie. I was walking back from the bottom deck and found myself walking past your door. I heard music from in here, so I

knocked."

"And you found me bombed out of my mind and trying to answer the door, right?" asked Bernie.

Anne giggled. "Yea, I sure did; and I had to practically carry you into bed."

"Why, Anne?"

"Why what?"

"Why did you stay?"

Anne looked at him and suddenly lost her smile, remembering what she would have to go back to when she left here to be on her own again. "I was lonely, Bernie." she said softly, looking at the floor. "You were unconscious, but you were company; and besides, I was hoping that you might need some company yourself."

"I do, girl," he agreed, "I do."

"Please don't call me that." she said abruptly.

"Don't call you what?" he queried, trying to comprehend her reason for being upset.

"Girl." she replied. "I'm a woman aren't I, Bernie? And a person, just like anyone else?"

He looked at her, unable to see her as a child. As he fell into toe brown pools of her eyes he had to agree that she was a woman; a young woman, yes, but never-the-less a woman. "Yes, Anne." he told her, "You are most definately a woman."

At his assurance, Anne began to cry quietly and after awhile she smiled happily. Then she walked over to him and kissed him, quite deliberately on the lips; and he didn't let her break that kiss for a long time.

Finally, however, he let her pull away from him. She knelt down next to his chair and looked up at him, and his eyes were as wet as her own. She laid her head on his lap and cried gently and happily, entirely unashamed.

Bernie had never been this happy since the day that he had met Julie, and he looked down at Anne and began to slowly stroke her soft hair. After a while he gently lifter her face and with his other hand wiped the tears from her eyes. She stood up and sat on his lap were she could reciprocate the action. He put his hand on hers and looked into her eyes again, and he was falling. . .falling into a world that he had no wish to return from; and he stopped fighting his feelings for her and kissed her gently.

When they had separated again, Anne moved down to where she could comfortably put her head on Bernie's shoulder. "Bernie," she whispered into his ear, "It's nice to have someone to cry with."

"Yes, it is." he agreed. He jumped as she bit his ear lightly, and he didn't resist when she took his hand and laid it on her left breast. He turned to kiss her again and she gave him a light peck, jumped off his lap, and began playfully pulling him into the bedroom.

Their love making was simple and wholly satisfying. Afterward they held to each other and talked, and it was a long time before sleep caught up with them.

The insistant buzzing of the telecom finally managed to wake Bernie from his happy sleep. He rolled out of the bed as stealthily as he could-the process involved delicate untangling of limbs-and rushed to answer the determinded called before Anne should awake also.

"Everri." he announced simply after lifting the com from it's cradle.

"Bernie, where have you been all day?" exploded William Hunt, the

Project's chief pyschologist. "I've been trying to contact you for hours. I was just about ready to come over and break your door down, to see if maybe you had run off like Bruce or done something even more drastic."

"I am perfectly all right, Bill, you needn't have worried. I just wanted to be alone for awhile."

After a short pause, Hunt said simply, "Understood Bern," and Bernie had to smile as his caller continued. "We all have to be alone at times, but you're sure that you'r okay now?" he asked.

"Yes, Bill. I'm fine; just had to get my head straightened out a little is all."

"I hope so," said Hunt, "because I've got a job for you to do-as soon as possible."

"What is that, Bill?"

"A short speech, Bern. I guess you haven't heard, there was an attempted suicide last night, young Nancy Dallan, and when they heard about it, a couple of the kids apparently decided that it was a good idea; it took a hell of a lot of talking to get them to change their minds."

"And you think that a small oration by me might heighten morale, is that it?"

"I know it would Bern, almost everyone in the Project looks up to you; and technically you're in charge now that Bruce is gone."

"Well, I'll guess I'll have to won't I bill," said Bernie, suddenly realizing that the war must have affected others besides himself and Anne. "Let's see then Bill, it's. . .4:00p.m. now, now why don't you schedule a full meeting of the complement at about 8:00 or so; and call me about an hour before, I'll want to go over some of the material with you before hand."

"Eight'o clock it is then, Bern, I'll see you later."

"Right Bill, see you then." said Bernie as he placed the unit back into it's cradle.

Thoughtfully he headed for the kitchen and couldn't help shuddering as he remembered the last time that he had done so; he vowed to himself that he would never drink that much again. Of course, he had made the same promise once before when he had first come to the Project. He had fast been becoming an alchoholic after Julie's death when Bruce had finally convinced him to live on for the ideal of saving the world--but lonliness had been a high price to pay for idealism. He thought of Anne and hoped that such things were over for good now.

He had been fumbeling around the kitchen for only a few minutes when Anne poked her head into the alcove, "I thought you might be coming back to bed after you answered that call." she said, mocking a hurt tone of voice.

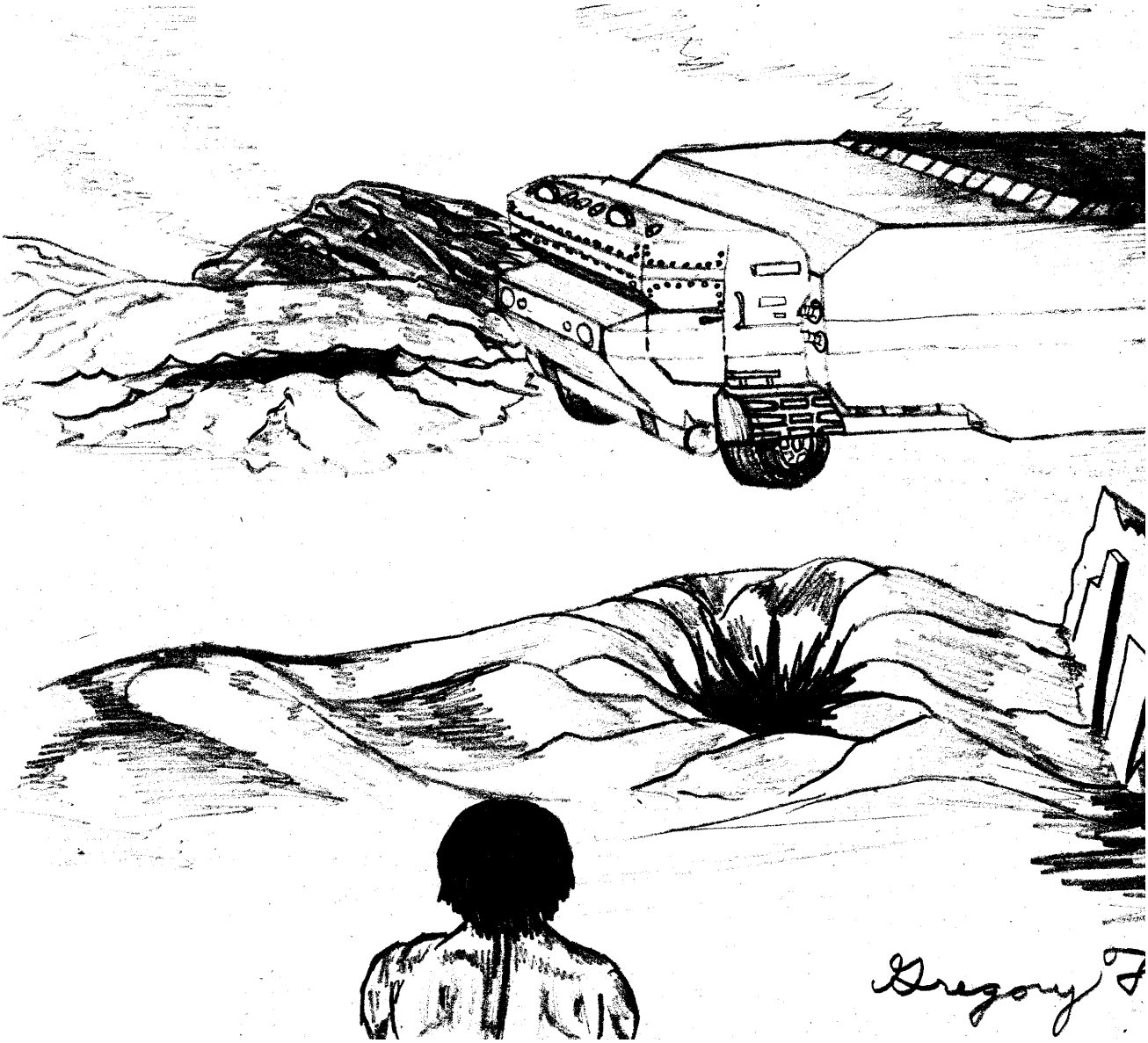
"I thought about it, believe me;" he replied, "but I think that it's about time for us to come out of hiding. We've been out of circulation for almost twenty-four hours now."

"Who cares," she returned, "I'd like to make it twenty-four years." I don't think that I have ever been this happy before in my life, Bernie. Do we have to end it now?"

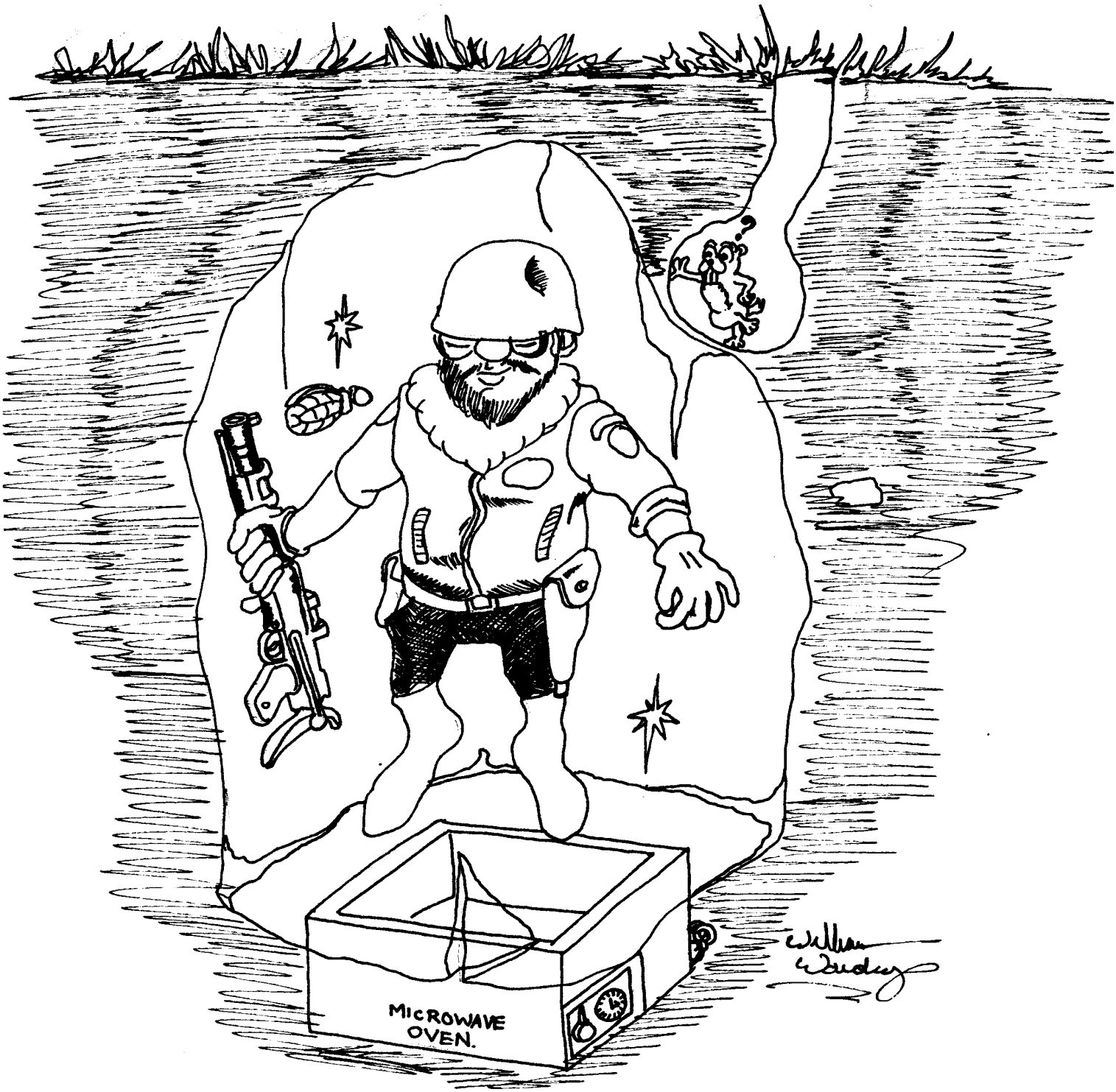
He looked at her and in that moment lost more of his old-fashioned ideas. He smilded at her suddenly and, despite himself, blushed a little. "We don't have to end it now, or ever." he said abruptly. "You can move your things in here as soon as you can get dressed to go get them."

Anne surprised him by quite suddenly throwing herself into his arms and kissing him violently. "Oh, Bernie, I love you." she exclaimed for the first time.

Original Rough Sketch by Greg Fredrick of
a Science Vehicle ©1975



Another Rough Sketch by Greg Fredrick
of a Combat/Exploration Original Rough



Bill Wardrop had a far different view of the Freezing Tube Technology then Richard.

And a few Jokes. You know you have a fair idea when they start to satire

The original Morrow splash page by Bill Wardrop that had no resemblances to either Bob Sadler or Rich Tucholka. Richard was a little miffed at having his name spelled wrong.

To say the least this Splash was never used for some silly reason. The guys here have no resemblance whatsoever to Nick Voss who later came to run Timeline or Rich Tucholka who was tired of getting his name spelled wrong.